THE REPORT OF THE PROPERTY OF THE

IS ISSUED SATURDAY MORNINGS.

Douglas County Publishing Company

These are the terms of those paying in advance. The

6 J. JASKULEK. PRACTICAL

Watchmaker, Jeweler and Optician, ALL WORK WARRANTED, Bosler in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Spectacles and Byoglasses.

AND A PULL LINE OF Cigars, Tobacco & Fancy Goods. The only reliable Optomer in town for the proper adjustment of Spectacles; always on hand. Bopes of the Senuine Brazilian Pebble Spetacles and Eyeglasses. OFFICE-First Door South of Postoffice, ROSEBURG, OREGON.

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, On Jackson Street, Opposite the Post Office Keeps on hand the largest and best assortment of

Bastern and San Francisco Boots and Shees, Galters, Slippers, And everything in the Boot and Shoe line, and SELLS CHEAP FOR CASH. Boots and Shoes Made to Order, and Perfect Fit Guaranteed,

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This Hotel has been established for a num-ber of years, and has become very pop-ular with the traveling public. FIRST-CLASS SLEEPING ACCOMMODATIONS

Table supplied with the Best the Market affords Hotel at the Depot of the Railroad.

H. C. STANTON. Staple Dry Goods,

WOOD, WILLOW AND GLASSWARE,

-ALSO-CROCKERY AND CORDAGE. A full stock of

SCHOOL BOOKS. Such as required by the Public County Schools. All kinds of Stationery, Toys and common country."

Fancy Articles,

Buys and Sells Legal Tenders, furnishes Cheeks on Portland, and procures Drafts on San Francisco.

SEEDS! SEEDS! several sheets in the wind he ap-SEEDS!

ALL KINDS OF THE BEST QUALITY.

ALL ORDERS

Promptly attended to and goods shipped

HACHENY & BENO.

PORTLAND, ORBGON.

in stanching the blood from Abraham place a giant iron wheel in the river Lincoln's death wound for \$1.35, and perpendicularly, so that it shall be Marshall for 55 cents.

THE DOUGLAS AND INTERPRETATION OF THE DOUGLAS AND THE DOUGLAS

VOL. IX.

ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1884.

NO. 3.

WHEN I AM DEAD.

Franklin P. Daly in The Guardian.] When I am dead,
I would not have the rude and gaping crowd
Around me gather, and, 'mid lamentation

Tell of my virtues, and with vain regret Bemoan my loss, and, leaving me, forget. But I would have the few of kindly heart, their part, And oft by thoughtful deeds their love en These would I have, no more, no less, When I am dead.

When I am dead
I would not have the high and storied stone
Placed o'er my grave, and then be left alone
But I would have some things I once did

Ere I did leave the joyous world above, Placed o'er me. And each succeeding year I'd have my friends renew them, and off linger near, With loving thoughts upon the dear one laid

below,
And talk of times departed long ago,
When I am dead.

When I am dead, Forgive—Oh this I pray far more than all— The anguish I have caused, the deed beyond Think kindly on me as I lie so still, So poor a subject for an angered will. Think of some generous deed, some good

word spoken, Of hearts bound up I found broken; Think gently, when this last long rest is mine, And gaze upon my form with looks benign, When I am dead.

KEEPING THEIR END UP. HOW THE GREAT WEST'S MARVELS ARE APT TO MULTIPLY.

As last Tuesday's west-bound train passed Cape Horn, a large party of Englishmen, of the "direct-from-Lunnon" variety, crowded out on the platform and loudly expressed their dissat-DR. M. W. DAVIS, isfaction at the scenery, which was "not at all up to the guide books, you know, by Jove!"

> As they returned no their seats to enjoy a jolly good British all-around grumble, entirely oblivious of the indignant glances of the native passengers, a meek-looking, gentle-voiced journalist from 'Frisco approached from the other end of the car and volunteered to give the jourists some valuable facts concerning the country. In an ingenious and plausible way, he answered their questions in a manner that reduced our critics from over-the-pond to a condition of profound amazement, not to say

> The next morning the journalist was informed by the reporter that a committee of gentlemen wished to see him in the baggage car. As he entered the latter he found a dozen travelers, all native and to the manor born, waiting to receive him hat in hand. The spokesman advanced and said:

> "You are the party who was giving those globe trotters in the rear sleeper some points about the coast, I believe?" "I am, sir," said the quill-driver, mod-

"You told them, I understand," continued the chairman, "that Mount Shasta was 76,000 feet high?" "The same."

"You divulged the well known fact that trains on this road were often detained four days by herds of buffalo, and that they frequently have to use a Gatling gun on the coweatcher to prevent the locomotive being pushed off the track by the grizzly bears?" "Yes, sir.'

"You further acquainted them with the circumstance that the Digger Indians live to the average age of 204, and enjoyment which seemed to come from that the rarefication of the air on the the very hands of this great magician! plains is such that an ordinary pin looks like a telegraph pole at the distance of forty-two miles?"

"I think I wedged that in." sponded the newspaper man. "And we are informed they all made a memorandum of your statement that at the Palace hotel an average of two

waiters per day were shot by the guests | circulated in that city several barrels of for bringing cold soup-eh?"

"And, finally, we believe that you are the originator of that beautiful-that b-e-a-utiful-er-fact regarding that fallen redwood tree up at Mariposa—I total coinage of cents equaled \$6,071,-mean the hollow one into which the six 039.59. "You have no adequate idea horse-stage drives, and comes out of a what such a bulk of cents would be," knot-hole 165 feet further along?" said the cheerful statistician who im-"I told them all about it." "Just so! just so!" said the com-

mitteeman, grasping the patriot's hand although many of them were much and producing a well-filled buckskin larger, they would fill over 104 cars bag, "and I am instructed by this committee of your fellow-countrymen to Extra Fine Groceries, present you with this slight token of ized to be coined by an act of congress our appreciation of the noble manner of July 6, 1787. It was first coined by in which you have vindicated the honor of our noble land; God bless you.

"Gentlemen," said the true Californian, much affected, "I understand your feelings, and although I blush to be rewarded for simply doing my duty, I accept the gift as a sacred trust to be devoted to the further exaltation of our

Boston Post. A man in Judge Geddes's district in Ohio was in the habit of visiting a neighboring town and getting drunk. One night on his return home with proached his house, saw no light, and suspected that his wife had gone to said, "and hasn't anything for me to eat. I'll make it warm for her." But June 30, 1881, was \$6,071,039.59. in a moment he saw a light, and then said: "I'll be blessed if the extravagant thing isn't sitting up till this hour of night burning out my oil. Now, durn me if I don't make it hot for her."

NIAGARA'S POWER

New York Sun. A Boston engineer has been turning his attention to the power going to waste in the Niagara river. He estimates that a motor could be submerged At the recent sale in Baltimore of the | in the river which would furnish half a effects of the late W. W. Carter a hair million horse power-sufficient to run from the head of Henry Clay was sold all the machinery in Buffalo and pump for 30 cents, a piece of the towel used all the city's water. His plan is to an autograph of Chief Justice John turned by the current. The power would be taken from the shaft of the wheel by either belts or gearings, or would be sent through electric cables.

as a sort of suicide; for the man is effectually destroyed, though the appetite of the brute may survive.

Inter Ocean: The word "whisky" is a corruption of the Gælic words "uisge" physical evils of this life are the direct comment, and the reporter thought so freenland.

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DICKENS AT HOME.

The Bright and Funny Genius of the House ... Training the Children for the Play.

those of the grown-up people. He would teach the children their parts separately—teach them what to do, and how to do it, acting himself for their

At one moment he would be the dragon in "Fortunio;" at the next, one of the seven servants; and then taking the part of a jockey, played by the youngest child, a mere baby, whose little legs had much difficulty to get

And before these children were old enough to act regular pieces, the same pains were taken about any little charade they might ask for, any song they were taught to sing, each child knowing well that such pains had to be taken before his approval could be won. As with his grown-up company of actors, so with his juvenile company did his own earnestness and activity work upon them and affect each personally. The shyest and most awkward child would come out quite brilliantly under his patient and always encourag-

ing training. Then again, at the juvenile parties he was always the ruling spirit. He had acquired by degrees an excellent collection of conjuring tricks, and on Twelfth Nights-the eldest son's birthday-he would very often, dressed as a magician, give a conjuring entertain-ment, when a little figure which appeared from a wonderful and mysterious bag, and which was supposed to be a personal friend of the conjurer, would greatly delight the audience by his funny stories, his eccentric voice and way of speaking, and by his mirac-

ulous appearances and disappearances.
Of course, a plum-pudding was made
in a hat, and was always one of the successes of the evening. It would be almost impossible even to guess how many such puddings have been made since.

But surely, those made by Charles Dickens must have possessed some special fairy power, no other conjurer being able to put into his pudding all the love, sympathy, fun and thorough

Cents by the Car-Load. [Cleveland Herald.] As is well known, certain western and southern cities scorn to use any coin less than a nickel. When a newspaper corporation started a cheap evening paper in St. Louis it bought and

the close of the fiscal year of 1881 the may be used as a cabin during the in perfect health, and I suppose the reparted the facts. "Granting that they were all of the size now in use

carrying twenty tons each." The first American cent was author-James Jarvis, of New Haven, Conn. The weight was 264 grains, which was reduced to 208 grains in 1793, and, being still too large, to 168 grains two years later. The coinage was discontinued in 1857, after \$1,562,887.44

worth had been made. In 1857 the nickel cent was first coined. It was smaller than the oldworth had been made. The bronze cent of the present time came into being in 1864. It weighed only 48 grains, of which 85 per cent. is copper and 5 per cent. tin and zinc. The total amount coined at the end of the fiscal year ending June 30 was \$3,077,720 The grand total of all the cents coined

Tennessee's Dog Question.

[Chicago Tribune.] Statistics show that Tennessee has at least 300,000 dogs. The food for each dog would raise 100 pounds of bacon, which would be 30,000,000 pounds of bacon. This, at 10 cents per pound, would be worth \$3,000,000. This is worth of wool and mutton that otherwise would be raised. Thus it costs more than \$4,000,000 to feed these

Saved the County Credit

Charleston (W. Va.) Cor. Detroit Free Press The neighboring county of Green-brier issued during the war a great deal of county scrip, which was noth-

"I have no funds with which to pay his songs and music. sible for any of the county's debts."

good enough for me." Col. McPherson drew a sigh of re-lief. Excusing himself for a few mo-friends, and risks death itself to repose ments, he went out and soon returned in his arms. They are as fine riders as with enough Confederate money to re- the men, and as fearless. They can go olia, Miss., I came across a crooked deem all the old man's scrip. He was almost any distance without fatigue. and lame, but pleasant, darkey well adout of a bad box, and the credit of They are fine shots, and don't know Greenbrier county had been saved.

A Novel Life-Boat.

[Denver News.] One of our enterprising inventors has patented a life-boat, which seems to meet nearly every want of shipwrecked people. His boat consists of a hollow globe of metal or wood, ballasted at the bottom, so that it will always right itself immediately on touching the water, and can never capsize even in the roughest sea. This boat has compartments for water, medical stores, and provisions, bull's-eyes to let in light, a door for ingress and egress, a port hole for hoisting signals to the mast, comfortable seats all round the inside for the passengers, and a double hollow mast for supplying fresh air, and for carrying off that which has become boat runs a gallery, for the use of told me that he was feeling well, and it sailors in rowing, hoisting sail, dismay be that he will yet make out his 100 charging rockets, or steering. Of course, the cases would be very rare when He rowing, sailing, or steering would be required, but in case of need all three

could be easily managed. A glance at the model will show how completely the passengers would be once. protected from rain and wind, and consequently, to a great extent, from cold. This is a very important point in Mr. Manes' design, as we all know that very she looks much the healthier of the many persons, not merely women and two. Her eyes are bright, and her children, but often hardy men, only cheeks full and rosy. escape drowning to perish from exposure to the weather. Mr. Manes suggests that a propeller might be attached to the boat to be worked by a crank turned by the passengers on the inside. It is calculated that a boat, twelve feet in diameter, would carry about fifty how many cents have been coined. At davits, in either of which positions it when she went to drive. Now she is voyage.

Costume of Fifty Years Ago. [St. Louis Republican.] "The style of costume," says Gen. Mallet, "and even the manners of the present generation are not, in my opinion, an improvement on a half century ago. The manager would not admit a gentleman into a ball-room with boots. or even a frock coat; and to dance without gloves was simply vulgar. At commencement ball (when I graduated, 1818), my coat was broadcloth, of seagreen color, high velvet collar to match; swallow-tail, pockets outside match; swallow-tail, pockets outside with lapels and large silver-plated buttons, white satin damask vest, showing the edge of a blue that goes swinging around on that little that goes swinging around on that little that goes swinging around on that little entirely accurate copies on stone, wood, metal or shell may be made without undervest; a wide opening for crease that passes for a baby's neck, bosom rufflers, and no shirt collar. The while the baby takes in the whole car the great labor and care now involved. devoted to the further exaltation of our common country."

Common country."

HE WOULDN'TBE SATISFIED EITHER

WAY.

Boston Post.

Coined. It was smaller than the old-fashioned predecessor, weighing 72 or five three-cornered cravats, artistically laid and surmounted with a cambric stock, pleated and buckled behind.

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Boston Post.

Coined. It was smaller than the old-fashioned predecessor, weighing 72 or five three-cornered cravats, artistically laid and surmounted with a cambric stock, pleated and buckled behind.

WAY.

Boston Post.

While the baby takes in the whole car and begins at once to make friends with the ugliest and bashfulest man be can see, and buries the poor fellow and buckled behind.

WAY.

Boston Post.

Way particles and buckled behind.

Way particles and buckled behind. My pantaloons were white canton crape, ing him "Papa." lined with pink muslin, and showed a peach-blossom tint. They were rather short, in order to display flesh-colored silk stockings, and exposure was increased by very low-cut pumps with shiny buckles. My hair was very black, very long, and queued. I should be

Woman "Sufferage."

[Chicago Tribune.] Miss Anthony said: "I have been roundly abused and ridiculed for allowing a female clerk of mine to send a letter in which woman suffrage was spelled 'sufferage,' and was not corrected. There is a little secret history about that letter that will be amusing to not all. These dogs probably destroy 50,000 sheep, worth \$2 per head, and they prevent the raising of \$1,000,000 The fact i that my clerk made a corfemale clerk who cannot spell suffrage.

The fact i that my clerk made a correct copy of the letter, which I appeared to the letter to the worthless dogs. The food of these dogs would feed 100,000 able-bodied laborers, and the wool lost would clothe 1,500,000 which this gentleman prepared read suddents which the wool lost would clothe 1,500,000 which this gentleman prepared read suddents. The one lesson which, more than all others, is being taught by the progress of sanitary science and art is that most of the

A ROVING PEOPLE.

Love, Courtship and Marriage Among

the Araba [Col. De Funk in Courier-Journal.]

was the reply, "your signature is on the same and it is the same and i Broughey. "Confederate money is ing to a woman's soul, that she leaves of wealth and culture. her husband, forsakes the teachings of

what personal fear is. The women of these people are modest and far more faithful than the women of civilized life. Indeed, it is at 11 and 12, and are old at 55.

young they are beautiful. They have soft, dark skin, black, flowing hair, and lun,' " the overseer of the plantation.

"How many slaves did Douglas" soft, languishing eyes. They are passionate in their loves, but after marriage all their affection is centered in their husbands. If a woman is found to be untrue to her husband she is instantly killed, together with her lover. But

this seldom happens. George Bancroft.

[Youth's Companion. George Bancroft is now 84 years old. and he still continues his long, hard vitiated. On the outside of the globe rides every afternoon of his life. He

> He has not so much flesh as h had ten years ago, but what he has is all good solid muscle of the same material as the famed shay of the good old deacon, which dropped to pieces all at

> His wife, perhaps the most cultured woman in Washington, was 80 years old the latter part of last month, and She is a very pretty lady, and one would not think of taking her for more

than 60 at the most. She has a wonderful eyesight, and can see at long distances without glasses, though she uses them to read by. When she went to Newport last sum-It would surprise the reader who has passengers. The boat can be carried mer, she was far from well, and had to never investigated the matter to learn on deck or hung over the stern on be lifted in and out of the carriage passengers. The boat can be carried mer, she was far from well, and had to

when she went to drive. Now she is in perfect health, and I suppose the receptions which Mr. Bancroft used to give will be resumed this winter.

I es I am," insisted Mr. Pease, holding her tightly. "You are my long-lost daughter, and I am going to keep you right in my arms till I get a policeman."

Bables on the Cars.

[Burlington Hawkeye.] And the babies! Little bundles of fleecy white cloaks, blue cloaks, warm in New York." crimson cloaks, indescribable bundles of shawls and wraps and hoods and swan's-down, shapeless and motionless, until the car starts. The door is shut to with a bang like a Mississippi shot-gun, and the unwrapping process begins, and baby crawls out of his chrysalis, a fluffy tuft of crinkled hair; a fat, dimpled fist;

Cooled Him Down. [Atlanta Constitution.]

A gentleman of Athens, Ga., once had a lover's quarrel with his sweetheart, who gave him back his engage-ment ring, a \$250 diamond. Delibertaken for a lunatic or a harlequin in such a costume now.

We man "Sufferage."

Internation of his blighted happiness on the stone and with his heel ground But she was guilty of n1 such outburst. Calmly placing it on the mantel, she remarked, "Well, I'll need it for my next beau." The quarrel was soon made up, and the hasty lover had to invest in another ring.

proved, and which was then sent to a remarked a dude to a lady, as she seated

A Novel Matrimonial Experiment. The Biographer has an account of the eccentric Thomas Day, author of "Sandford and Merton," who under-took to raise a wife to order. When

Hamse Dickus in Youth's Companion.]

Ever smoot I can remember anything.

I remember him as the good genius of the house, and as the happy, bright and full when the localization of the house, and as the happy, bright and full when the localization of the house, and as the happy, bright and full when the localization of the county, then claiming to the county then the county from the protection of the house, and as the happy, bright and full when the localization of the county then the county for the county from the protection of the county then the county for the county for the county for the county from the protection of the county from the protection of the county the county count of Greenbeire county and way of speaking for each of the children, who could tell, without being called the name, which was the one addressed.

He had funny songs which he used to sing to them before they went to bed. One in particular, about an old man who eaught cold and rheumatism while eaught cold and rheumatism while diving in an omnibus, was a great the county count of Greenberg county and the time this scrip was issued, and the control of the county the county count of Greenberg county and the time this scrip was issued, and considered the county from the county county of Greenberg county and the time this scrip was issued, and the county for the co "I have no funds with which to pay you. I was but the officer of the county, and am not personally responmatch, but always the girl is the obediwith her servants. He sent her to a ible for any of the county's debts." ent slave. Her religion, her people, boarding-school for three years, but, "Don't know anything about that," her national instincts, the traditions of although she fell far short of his ideal,

the part of a jockey, played by the youngest child, a mere baby, whose little legs had much difficulty to get into the top-boots—until he had taken every part in the play.

Now I want my money, and I mean to have it."

Those things were to be paid in Confair-faced Frank comes, with his glib fortunate Maj. Andre. She didn't want fair-faced Frank comes, with his glib Mr. Thomas Day; neither did her talk of woman's highest duties and grander sphere, with his winning man-however, he met his reward in the most fortunate Maj. Andre. She didn't want fair-faced Frank comes, with his glib Mr. Thomas Day; neither did her grander sphere, with his winning man-however, he met his reward in the "Well, that's what I want," said ner, with his marked respect, so flatter- person of Miss Esther Milnes, a lady

Douglas as a Slave-Owner.

[New Orleans Cor. New York Tribune.] Last week while hunting near Magvanced in years, getting out rude pine shingles. After learning some interesting facts concerning his slave life he gave me to understand that he was of noble extraction, having been the propthe rarest thing in the world to hear of conjugal infidelity. The women mature He recollected the brilliant and powerat 11 and 12, and are old at 35. When ful senator very well, but had a much

> "'Bout 175, sah, chillun' an all 'Mighty good niggahs too, sah; but Boss Stricklun' he wuk us pow'ful hard," was

the unhesitating answer. On going to dinner my inquiries discovered several persons who recollected that Douglas once owned a slave plantation in Lawrence county, and one could tell me how to reach the historic spot, which is on Pearl river, a pleasant stream of yellowish, pearly color. No one knew how the slaves came into the possession of Douglas, but "reckoned"

ne bought them '"bout forty year ago." Old in New York, But New in Chicago

[Indianapolis Sentinel.] As. Mr. DeWitt C. Pease, of New York, stepped from a Michigan Central train in this city yesterday a hand-some young lady skipped up to him, threw her arms rapturously about his neck and kissed him many times, say-

"Oh, papa, I'm so glad you have Mr. Pease threw both arms around her and held her firmly to his breast. Soon she looked up into his face and horror stood in her eye.

"Oh, my! you're not my papa!" she said, trying to free herself from his em-

Pease's diamond pin in the girl's hand he said: "That's a new trick here."
"Is it?" said Pease. "Well, it's old

An Advance in Photography. [Chicago Current.] Edward W. Fell, of Cleveland, is reported to have invented a process by which absolutely permanent pictures may be instantly photographed upon any substance having a smooth surface. The process is expensive, electricity being employed. Through his invention engraving is made an easy matter; mitted that the world is made to progress by the inventors of laborsaving methods, but their introduction ordinarily causes temporary hardship among those who have trained their hands to do that which the scientific application of nature's forces more suc-

Wendell Phillips in College. A correspondent of The Worcester it to pieces. He then returned the lady a ring she once had given him. But she was guilty of n1 such outburst. "I asked him if he had any pleasure in fighting; if contest gave him any satisfaction. He said 'not a bit,' that he hated fighting, and was the very last man who ought to have to do it, but, he added, 'when I was in college one of my classmates found fault with me for always standing up for any person or thing that was denounced; he said: "Say anything against a man, and up jumps Phillips to defend him, no matter whether the man is right or wrong,

cessfully accomplishes.

in price millionaires will wear them as shirt studs.

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Large and Heavy Posters and Showy Hand-Bills

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THE OLD BALLAD SINGER,

The Songs That Soften the Heart---Babies, Lovers, and Touching Sen-

[Cincinnati Times-Star.] The other day I met an old ballad singer who was still devoted to his pro-fession, though he had followed it for years without achieving much more wealth than was required for the day's sustenance. I observed that music of the simpler kind was not as much appreciated now as in years gone by when the custom of the people was plainer, and their knowledge of music less cul-tivated. The man is now a scene shifter

at one of our theatres.

"Music is the only thing you can ketch a mob with," said the old singer, as he planted his patent leathers on a box, and shifted the position of his Henry Clay cigar.

"What kind of music?" asked a by-

stander. "Why, ballads, of course," replied the man of song. "You don't suppose you're a-goin' to soften anybody's heart with a opperer, do you? I'd have been fired through a drug store winder wunst if it wasn't that I was able to sing."

"What did you sing?"
"The most beautiful of all songs:
'Don't Tread on a Man When He's Down.' Here's a verse of it:

"Don't tread on a man when he's down,
For the world looks black enough then,
Just give him a smile—not a frown—
And let him begin life again." "Now, there's sentiment in that, and

stopped the fight right off." "What songs are most popular?" "Well, that's hard to say. Some ikes one thing and some likes another. Mothers always like this:

" 'I wish I was a baby, A darling little flower, I'd smile at winter snowflakes And laugh at summer shower.'

"The words is simple, and it ain't hard to wrestle with the tune; but it's wery touchin', wery touchin'. It's so true to life, you know, and that's what th' people wants. But that sort of thing is all right enough for a flyer. It wont do to give it to em all the time, you know. Some people don't know nothin' about babies, and you've got to give them plenty of love. I never saw the man yet you couldn't get the upper hand of with a good love song, and as for the girls, you can't give 'em enough. It's human nature, you know, for they've all been there, and them as hasn't is willin' to be. Here's a dandy.

I always got to sing it twice."

The old ballad singer threw out his chest, and, in a voice that had evidently seen better days, piped the fol-

"You call me sweet and tender names, And softly smooth my tresses, And all the while my happy heart

You love men in your tender way, I answer as you let me, But, ah! there comes another day, The day when you'll forget me.' "I've seen th' handkerchiefs come out every time I ever sung that song, said the old balladist, as he wiped a silent tear from the corner of his eye. "It's saddenin', wery saddenin', to think of them old songs. Here's an-

other: "Little sweetheart, come and kiss me Just once mere before I go; Tell me truly that you miss me As I wander to and fro."

"That there, you see, is a sort of a descriptive song. First he wants his girl to kiss him, and then, when he wanders to and fro, he wants her to

"But why does he wander to and fro?" asked the scene shifter. "Why, that's a poetic license, of course," growled the old balladist. "You want the man to stand there a kissin' and a slobberin' all the time, do you? He's got to go away som'ers and wander. Folks like the idea of lovers separatin' and comin' together again. It works on the feelin's sorter. I tell you pard, if a man can sing a good song he'll get through the world and land on his feet on the other side.

Bein' president of the United States sin't nothin' to it."

Boyesen's Slip of the Tongue.

[Syracuse (N. Y.) Standard.] The presentation of H. H. Boyesen's play, "Alpine Roses," at the Madison Square theatre, in New York, recails a story told by students at Cornell about the talented Norwegian, who was for several years a professor there. Pro-fessor Boyesen used to lecture upon German literature to the students at Cornell. He was at the time writing his "Goethe and Schiller," having be-come a Goethe enthusiast; and he was also-a fact that was familiar to the students-enamored with the lady who has since become his wife, and who was the daughter of a New York banker. The professor's voice has a peculiar, rotund, impetuous quality, and it was never poured forth in greater volume than when he said, in one of his lectures: 'About this time Goethe fell in love with a rich banker's daughter in New York city." There was a roar from the students, while boots and canes rattled upon the floor like an avalanche of cobble-stones in a shot-tower. Boyesen covered his crimson face with his hands and turned his back to his class. The lecture was resumed on another day.

The Lave Story of Wendell Phillips. [T. G. Appleton to an Interviewer,]
I suppose you are familiar with the story of Mr. Phillips' marriage—how a gentleman asked Mr. Sumner to act as escort to a young lady who was going to the convention at Albany, and Mr. Sumner, being unable to go, resigned in favor of Mr. Phillips; how Mr. Phillips acted as her escort and lost his heart to her before he got back; how he called upon her often in this city, but was not admitted, owing to her feeble health, but finally he almost broke his way to her and offered her his hand. She said she would never marry a man unless he would swear eternal enmity to slavery; but it was not necessary for Mr. Phillips to take that oath—he had already sworn it in his heart. So they were married.

A painting of the Lord's Supper made by a French artist of the revolu-tionary period represents the table as ornamented by a tumbler filled with